War Diary VI - Lost Souls

▲ ROXY ▲
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the amount of insanely hot medics & drone operators in this military is frankly ridiculous btw

"We've got a life of scratching tickets at the local gas and stop.

So suck on another whippit and hear the brain cells pop.

I know I'm nothing special, I know I'm nothing great.

I know I'm nothing different, but I just don't feel the same

What's wrong with me?"

-Nothing Special by Local H

It's finally spring in Ukraine, the grass has come in & cherry blossoms are blooming. The local farmers are back at work. It's not fucking -20° outside. Feels like a dream, seasons don't mean much back in Florida. The difference is pretty night & day out here.

Last mission was pretty uneventful, Russians sent a few assault groups towards our sector but they were all killed by drones or the infantry brigades, so no need to send us up. Looks like their higher command realized they weren't getting anywhere in this AO & pulled back their elite units so we're fucking off elsewhere too. On exfil our supper hit a mine, blew off an arm & a leg. Successful CASEVAC. He was holding a captured TM-62 which thankfully got blown into the stratosphere, if it detonated we would've lost that whole fire team.

On exfil, we had three 500kg glide bombs hit about 75m away. Myself & another were outside & got the meanest headache you could imagine. The blast knocked off the branches above me & covered me with sticks. Fortunately no lethal shrapnel hit us. I liked war better when we were the only ones with air support.

I took a few days leave to visit our brothers on the mend in the hospital & spend time away from shitshow. It felt very odd being in a major city after all this time in Donbas, which is all very rural countryside. Even the big cities like Slovy & Kram are only as big as a typical interstate city in the Flats. Kyiv is developed enough to spike my small town cortisol. The cripples are recovering well, the one who lost his leg is getting a new one & should return to the front in a month or so. The other one is still shaking off some damage to his nerves without a clear recovery timeline. The Brigade medical service is treating them well. Their replacements showed up last week, not a fan.

Fairly often, I think about led me here. Every time I'm on position or a Shahed impacts nearby. I think about how miserable I was sitting in class, my old middle school girlfriend, the many screaming matches with my mom, the niche internet communities I used to be in. When I was 16, my friends & I got into a nasty fight with some other guys outside the gas station everyone hung out at after school ended. We lost, horribly, & I vividly remember lying on the cement half conscious & watching the blood from my face pool on the ground. This is a core memory for me. It led me to switching out my converses for a pair of knock off Doc Martin's, I buzzed my head, I got an edgy tattoo on my arm. I'm not sure how to explain this, but I'm sure my fellow travelers understand at least. This memory has been on my mind lately.

My mom was not strict, she is an old fashioned Southern woman who knows better than to leave a dog in a cage during his formative years. Apparently this is rare nowadays, I often meet people with far more 'controlled' upbringings, for lack of better words. I would kill myself if my mom gave me a curfew at age 15, I do not understand why there's twenty-somethings asking their parents permission for anything. Maybe I was wilder than the rest, maybe my upbringing created this mentality. This, I do not know. What I do know is that all my brothers here have similarly sketchy backstories that are very fun to hear. Stories that would get the police called on you back in the West if someone overheard it. I can only only assume this was the reasoning behind sending the ancient mannerbunds to the frontiers, to protect the polite societies of the women & neutered men. Maybe age will bring the wisdom to answer these questions, but there's a lot of older guys here that seem just as clueless.

The detachment I wrote about in previous entries has gotten more pronounced. I rarely call home other than to cool my family's nerves by proving I'm still kicking. I don't read the news unless it's funny enough to make it to my Instagram reels. I have few possessions other than my gear & my cat. My only real connection to my past life is my Instagram page, which is full of my old friends & acquaintances watching some punk kid fighting someone else's war thousands of miles away. At the very least, I was never boring.

My motivation to fight has not lessened, I look forward to the summer. The foliage is coming back which makes movement much easier downrange. Monthly, we're killing about 35k faggots because they seem intent on sending random conscripts through open fields with no support. Sucks to suck. It's going to be a good summer for us, especially in our AO.

If they somehow recover my body, I will be buried in the forest outside our village. This seems fitting, it's beautiful out here. The black soil of this steppe is already soaked with the blood of ten millenia worth of warriors, I may as well join them.

If I make it through to the war's end, I'll probably stay an Azov if I want a quieter existence. If not, I've collected dozens of contacts in the PMC world & have a very nice resume for it. I'll probably split my timd between home & here, a relatively modest contractor salary goes extremely far in Ukraine as opposed to the absolute shitshow that is the US economy. That leaves me with a better ability to support the ideological struggle. Alas, no point planning very far ahead.

Hail Victory.

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Aodhan MacMhaolain 1d
Liked by ▲ Roxy ▲
Hail victory, glad you are still kicking. Hope you can either make it back to the States and impregnant some QT while engaging in huWhite power stuff over here, or that if you should die, the Valkyries gather your soul and take it over to the Otherside and gang press you into the cosmic war.
I was gonna say, if you do end up dead, you'll be in good company, but you are already aware of that. Just imagine the countless wars White men have fought in that land. Some of the most formative events in our race's history took place there.
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Tyr 1d
Liked by ▲ Roxy ▲
I was just sharing some grappling moves to friends on TG and getting ready to go train, while being stressed out about some mundane issues — and then I opened substack to see your newest post.
Really puts things into perspective, always inspiring. Thanks again, as always, Roxy.
Hail Victory
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